

How good is the LORD! He knew that we had to make a long journey on Thursday, so Wednesday evening gave a heavy shower between afternoon and night services, cooling the air deliciously and refreshing man, beast and crops. Our last meeting at Hazard was the very best of the series, as usual, and nearly all the fingers came forward. Considering the drawbacks (1) the excessive heat; (2) the weary corn crop and (3) the measles in town, the Hazard meeting with its 210 confessions in two weeks, filled us with joy and gratitude that so much had been accomplished.

We wished to make an early start, and partially succeeded—getting off at a little before six. We had an excellent "mount" and suffered very little with heat. The distance to Whitesburg is 36 miles. At Mr. Wash. Johnston's—20 miles from Hazard—we halted for dinner and rested until 3 P. M. Then, mounting again, we proposed to push on and make the remaining 16 miles before dark. But it was not to be. At 4 P. M. a heavy shower of rain, threatening a heavy thunder cloud in front and another gathering storm in the rear, we took shelter where we could get it. The LORD led us to the cabin of a Mr. Hill, 9 miles from Whitesburg. One room and a loft—the latter reached by standing on the post of one of the beds and making a spring through a hole in the ceiling. When disposed for the night, the lower room contained the 4 horses and Mr. and Mrs. Hill. The loft held John Patrick, another guest who arrived after we had supper, and the two grown sons of our host. We had a good deal of fun, after we had gone to bed, laughing at the four pairs of dangling legs that disappeared in rapid succession through the trap. Then we slept the deep sleep of tired travelers, after first "PRAISE THE LORD" all round for the day's journey. By 10 o'clock Friday morning we were in Whitesburg. At 2 P. M. I gave the people a half hour's introductory talk. Quite a number had gathered on the chance of our coming. At night preached, without any singing, to a good congregation of very attentive listeners. The impression seemed to be favorable.

The wagon, with baggage and organ, came in Saturday morning about 9 o'clock, but before that time the people began to flock in from every quarter, and the LORD showed us very plainly that nothing less than 2 services could do. So at 10 A. M. with the little organ in splendid tone, our own "vocals" clear and vigorous, we began the Letcher campaign in earnest, bearing our whole weight on the LORD and trusting Him for hundreds of these strange souls within a fortnight. The Court-house will hold 300 comfortably. There were more than that number present morning and afternoon. At night many from a distance had gone home, but the house was nearly full, no confessions, but evident deep impressions. It is quite a study to watch the play of expressions on the countenances of a strange congregation at the beginning of one of these meetings. Satan has always been ahead and started all sorts of reports. Some come expecting to hear a fanatic hold forth; some really believe that I get one dollar a hand for all conversions, and they want to see how I "get 'em"; some come to see a professed "worker of miracles"; some, yet again, to hear the new doctrine that tear up existing things and disorganize matters generally; while many, perhaps the majority, really come to hear a word that promises a supply for the felt necessities of the soul. "What want ye out for to see?" This question would meet as many and strange responses now as of old.

Nowhere in the mountains, excepting Pikeston and the charming courtyard of our dear Col. Dils and his lovely family, have we received quite so cordial a first welcome as at Whitesburg. We were fully expected, though never formally invited. Every one knew that this place was on our route to camp, and full preparation was made. As soon as we entered town we were told where to go, and a pleasant place to go to it. Mr. W. H. Nickels is our host. We have been in no such house as his in the mountains, with the single exception of the handsome mansion of Col. John Dils, of Pikeston. It is a new brick, built after a pattern of house-building that I venture to say will never be improved upon for solid comfort. Spacious high ceiling, square rooms above and below, with wide halls between, an ell with dining room and kitchen, and verandas running the entire half square formed by the ell and main building. Nice, clean, comfortable beds, an excellent bath and delicious water complete the list of "creature comforts." Our host and family—wife and grown sons and daughters—are as kind and good as the house is well appointed and comfortable. PRAISE THE LORD for giving us just what He does and when He does. I am tempted to think every place more lovely than its predecessor in natural situation and scenery, but coolly and candidly I think Whitesburg and its surroundings best of all. It is built in the inevitable "home-shoe" bend of a river. Here the North Fork—or, the real Kentucky river—is within fifteen miles of its source, near Pound Gap, but with quite a wide bed, though at present very shallow and shrunk on, as are all streams in mid-July. The landscape, as viewed from one of the high hills in rear of the village, is simply superb. The serpentine windings of the river, the cornfields and meadows, the lower hills in their perfect green and matted so artistically, with the magnificent Cumberland range rising only a few miles off, but with that peculiar dark verdure that characterizes the loftier ranges of mountains everywhere, all combine to fill the eye so completely that one cannot only gaze for hours without weariness but that the delightful sense of seeing all you want that gets you, and being all.

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Jackson and His Wife.

One of those to whom it is a fascination to listen has recently given us a book full of memories which he calls "Old Times in Tennessee." But a greater than reading it is to hear the author tell how he saw Gen. Jackson "wear and put to flight 20,000 men." It was on Clover Bottom race course. The narrator, then a small boy, was stationed on a cedar fence. The betting was very fierce. Horses and negroes, as well as money, were put up, a large pound being filled with the live stock. Murnum arose that it was to be a jockey race; that Greyhound, one of the famous races, had been seen the night before in a wheat field, and his rider was to receive \$500 to throw him off. In the height of the excitement Gen. Jackson appeared, "riding a gray horse and carrying a long pistol in each hand. I think they were as long as my arm, with muskets that a ground squirrel could enter. He swore 'by the Eternal' he would shoot the first man who brought his horse on the track; that the people's money should not be stolen in this manner. He talked incessantly, while the spittle rolled from his mouth and fire flashed from his eyes. I have seen bears and wolves at bay, but not the most ferocious looking animal I have ever seen. His appearance and manner struck terror into the hearts of 20,000 people. If they all felt as I did, every one expected to be slain." The end of it was that there was a great rush to the pound to get back the money staked, and the boy on the fence was overturned and nearly trampled to death. But he still lives, possibly the only survivor of that great crowd. He gives the most vivid ideas of "Old Hickory's" personality.

When Lafayette visited Nashville, in 1824, and Jackson greeted him in the public square, approaching the carriage "with a peace pipe in his hand," the eyes of all were attracted to their own hero rather than to the distinguished guest. A hundred voices exclaimed, "Just look at old Jackson!" There was something in his face, his martial presence, that enchanted the public gaze whenever he appeared.

Of course, said so much talk of Gen. Jackson, the lady to whom he gave the protection of his name and honor comes in for her share. Many a sly little anecdote about her has been preserved. One lady tells that the last time her mother saw Mrs. Jackson the latter remarked, by way of accounting for a cold under which she suffered: "The General kicked the liver off last night."

A good deal of trouble came to her in the form of a horse. One day she was told that the world was round and she had always thought it was flat. "Never mind, sunny," said kind "Mama Rachel," "don't you be disturbed. I think it flat myself, and honey—no one often called the General—'honey thinks so, too.' But her varied detractors find nothing to say against her looks or character. "She was a lovely woman," said one fine old gentleman, "and Jackson married her, not from love, but from an impulse of charity, to find his protection around her; but she was perfectly beautiful, and as fine and good a woman as ever lived."

But he did love her. They tell that the Hermitage, which stands rather oddly just back of an elevation of the ground, instead of on its brow, was so placed because Mrs. Jackson, walking one afternoon with the General, stopped just there and said it would be the right place for the new house, as it was only a short distance from the spring where they went for water. The General struck the ground with his staff and said there should the foundation be laid. And there they were laid, in spite of exhortation.—(Lippincott's Magazine.)

The Humane Adolph Kiss. "Don't you ever really kiss the tender in any of your plays?" "No, I only pretend to; but if it was necessary, to the correct delineation of a character, I should not hesitate to kiss the stage carpenter. I try to forget myself in the characters I am acting. Complaints have been made of my eccentricities. Brignoli once said: 'You are a little devil—you have broken my pulse, meaning his wrist. A baritone once remonstrated with me for tearing the sleeve from his coat. But I believe in thoroughness in singing, in acting, in costumes and in scenery. The American public demands that a prima donna shall be a Patti, a Rachel and wear Worth's dresses. I try to work up every little point so as to make a perfect ensemble. I have watched Neilson and Bernhardt to gather ideas. The love scene in 'Paul and Virginia' is taken from the picture of the Huguenot lovers, and I have copied the picture of the death of St. Cecilia with great effect. I gather up these little points until the time comes to utilize them.'—(New York Sun.)

Beginning is becoming one of the misnomers of this era, and it is about time it was. One can hardly turn a corner now but he meets with a beggar, not of the Italian Lazarini stamp, of the Scottish gabblerina, or of the cowled orders of the old monastic priesthood, but the agent of some society, or military company, or church, or school, or we know not what, asking alms. Not a merchant or a business man in the city but has applications from these beggars daily, and if he fails to give, no matter what it is for, he is marked out for abuse, and perhaps prosecution, as one who is too mean and niggardly to give anything for any good or useful purpose. If we are to have organized charity or regularly organized methods for collecting money to carry on our social projects, why let us have them, but not this indiscriminate begging from door to door.—(Richmond (Va.) State.)

Ben Franklin's mother-in-law hesitated about permitting her daughter to marry a printer, as there were already two printing offices in the colonies, and she was afraid the country could not grow large enough to support a third. The people of to-day who are croaking against the building of so many railroads for the same reason will look as ridiculous as Franklin's mother-in-law a quarter of a century hence.—(Post)

Popular Delusions.

That milk is a compound of water, chalk and sheep's stomach. Milk always comes from the cow—a great way from the cow.

That brass band music is unpleasant to the ear. We know of a man who has lived for years next door to a bandroom, and has never uttered one complaint in all that time. He is a deaf man.

That railroads are intended for the benefit of corporations. They are intended for the benefit of the people—the people who hold the majority of stock.

That a small boy hates an overcoat. He dislikes it so well that he dislikes to wear it.

That whistling is disagreeable. It is always agreeable to the whistler.

That druggists are extortionists in their prices. They pay such high salaries to their clerks that they are forced to sell their goods at one thousand per cent. above cost in order to make any money for themselves.

That the market is overburdened with Spring poetry. The waste basket captures so much of it that but very little of it comes to the market.

That any fool can write poetry. It is only a fool here and there that can do it. That women go to church to see other women's bonnets. They merely go to show their own.

That a boy thinks he knows more than his father. He only prides himself on his superior intelligence.

That a widow weeps to catch a husband. She would rather catch a man who is not a husband.

That a silver watch will tell the time as well as a gold one. A gold watch will tell the time ten times to a silver watch's once, and be just as fresh as ever.

That shopkeepers never mark their goods below cost. They frequently mark them down much below what the goods cost the purchaser, especially if he be a particular friend, you know.

That the self-conceited man thinks everybody is a fool. He does not include one person in that category, namely himself.

That extemporaneous speakers prepare their speeches beforehand. They prepare them only in their own minds.

Throw Yourself Into It.

"Did you ever hear how tinted paper was first introduced?" asked Uncle Harry, as his nephews and nieces gathered around him one evening for a story.

"No! no!" they all replied. "Please tell us, uncle."

"Well, I cannot vouch for the truth of the account," said the gentleman, "but I read it in a very useful book that I think all the boys and girls ought to read. This book says that a workman once fell into a vat of boiling pulp which was in course of manufacture into paper, and, besides losing his life, discovered all that vat of material. The poor man was not merely scalded, but before any one knew of his disaster he was literally converted into paper. When the pulp was pressed and dried and the paper was finished it was found to be of a decidedly yellowish tint. It was clearly of color, and the proprietor of the mill supposed it would bring a very moderate price, as compared with the snowy white material he was accustomed to produce. He sent it to his agents, bidding them sell it for the best price they could get. They received it as something entirely uncommon and of superior quality, and secured higher prices than usual. The supply was soon exhausted, and the demand came for more. The employer was astonished, but as no other of his employees was willing to be converted into paper, another method was designed. But ever since I read the account I have wished I could impress upon all the young folks of my acquaintance the necessity of throwing themselves into their work if they would succeed. You who are now starting out in business life, put your whole self, all your faculties and energies into your employer's business; for, depend upon it, his success means yours, if you are helping on his prosperity. Let your heart be in every duty and it will be well performed."

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NOTICE
I WILL BE IN STANFORD TWO WEEKS of each month, from first Monday, and in Lexington two weeks of each month, from third Monday. Office in St. Asaph Hotel, over Mattingly & Son's store. (See sign.)

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